## A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Author of "The Leavenworth Case."

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PART I. "A lady to see you, sir." I looked up and was at once impressed with the grace and beauty of the person

thus introduced to me. "Is there anything I can do to serve you?" I asked, rising. She cast me a childlike look, full of candor and confidence, as she sat down in the

chair I rointed out to her. "I believe so-I hope so," she earnestly assured me. "I-I am in great trouble. I have just lost my husband-but it is not



that. It is the slip of paper I found on my dresser, and which-which--

She was trembling violently and her minutes of silent struggle she succeeded in collecting herself sufficiently to respond with some degree of coherency and self-

possession.
"I have been married six months. My name is Lucy Holmes. For the last few weeks my husband and myself have been Hving in an apartment house on 59th street, and as we had not a care in the world, we were very happy till Mr. Helmes was called away on business to Philadelphia. This was two weeks ago. Five days later I received in affectionate letter from him, in which he promised to come back the next day; and the news so delighted me that I accepted an invitation to the theater from some intimate friends of ours. The next morning I naturally felt fatigued and rose late; but I was very cheerful, for I expected my husband at noon. And now comes the perplexing mystery. In the course of dressing myself I stepped to my bureau. and seeing a small newspaper slip attached to the cushion by a pin, I drew it off and read it. It was a death notice and my hair rose and my limbs failed me as I took in its fatal and incredible words: 'Died this day at-the Colonnade, James

Forsythe De Witt Holmes. New York pa-"James Forsythe De Witt Holmes was ly husband, and his last letter, which was at that very moment lying beside the cusnion, had been dated from the Colonnade. Was I dreaming or under the spell of some frightful hallucination, which led me to misread the name on the slip of paper before me? I could not determine. My head, throat and chest seemed bound about with trop seemed bound about with iron, so that I could not cry out or breathe freely; and suffering thus, I stood staring, I do not know how long, at this demon-iacal piece of paper which in an instant had brought the shadow of death upon my happy life. Nor was I at all relieved when

a little later I flew with the notice into a neighbor's apartment, and praying her to read it for me, found that my eyes had not deceived me and that the name was indeed my husband's and the notice one of "Not from my own mind, but from hers, came the first suggestion of comfort. "It cannot be your husband who is meant, said she; but one of the same name. Your husband wrote to you yesterday, and this person must have been dead two days, at least, for the printed notice of his death to have reached New York. Some one has remarked the striking similarity one has remarked the striking similarly of names, and wishing to startle you, cut the slip out and pinned it on your cushion."
"I certainly knew of no one inconsiderate enough to do this, but the explanation was

enough to do this, but the explanation was so plausible I at once embraced it and sobbed aloud in my relief. But in the midst of my rejoicing I heard the bell ring in my apartment, and running thither, I encountered a telegraph boy who held out to me the horrible yellow envelope which so often bespeaks death or disaster. The sight took my breath away. Summoning my maid whom I saw hastening toward me from an inner room, I begged her to open the telegram and tell me—but I had no need to finish. I saw death in her face: open the telegram and tell me—but I had no need to finish. I saw death in her face; the obituary notice had told nothing but the truth. The young widow, choked with her emo-

tions, paused, recovered herself for the second time, and then went on, "I had better show you the telegram." Taking it from her pocket book, she held it toward me. I read it at a glance. It was short, simple and direct.

"Come at once. Your husband found dead in his room this morning. Doctors say heart disease. Please telegraph.' plained, placing her delicate finger on the words she so eagerly quoted. "That means a week ago Wednesday, the same day on which the printed silp recording his death was found on my cushion. Do you not see something very strange about this?"

I did, and told her so; but before I commenced the questions by which I hoped to

extract some explanation of this matter, I desired her to tell me what she had learned in Philadelphia, on her visit there.

Her answer was simple and straightfor-

"But little more than you find in this telegram. He died in his room. He was found lying on the floor near the bell butten, which he had evidently raised to touch. One hand was clenched on his chest, bis face were a peaceful look, as if death had come too suddenly to cause him much had come too suddenly to cause him much suffering. His bed was undisturbed; he had died before retiring, possibly in the act of packing his trunk, for it was found nearly ready for the expressman. Indeed, there was every evidence of his intention to leave on an early morning train. He had even desired to be awakened at 6 o'clock; and it was his failure to respond to the summon of the bell how that had o'clock; and it was his failure to respond to the summon of the bell boy that had led to so early a discovery of his death. He had never complained of any distress in breathing and we had always considered him a perfectly healthy man; but there was no reason for assigning any other cause than heart failure to his sudden death, and so the burial certificate was made out to that effect, and I was allowed. made out to that effect, and I was allowed to bring him home and bury him in our



"I brought this scrap of print into

ary notice? For I found when I was in Philadelphia fhat no such paragraph as that I had found pinned to my cushion, had been inserted in any paper there, nor had any other man of the stered at the Colonnade, much less died

"Have you this notice with you?" I asked. She immediately produced it, and while I was glancing it over, remarked: "Some persons would give a superstitious

explanation to the whole matter; think I had received a supernatural warning, and been satisfied with what they would call a spiritual manifestation. But I have not a bit of such felly in my composition. Liv-ing hands set up the type and printed the words which gave me so deathly a shock; and hands with a real purpose in them cut it from the paper and pinned it to my cushof revenge might do almost anything," I ion for me to see when I woke on that fatal morning. But whose hands? That is what I want you to find out."

I caught the fever of her suspicions long before this and now felt justified in showing my interest. "First, let me ask," said I, "who has access to your rooms besides your maid?"

"No one; absolutely no one."
"And what of her?"
"She is innocence itself. She is no commen housemaid, but a girl my mother brought up, who, for the love of me, con-

brought up, who, for the love of me, consents to do such work in the household as my simple needs require."

"I should like to see her."

"There is no objection to your doing so; but you will gain nothing by it. I have already talked the subject over with her a dozen times, and she is as much puzzled by it as I am myself. She says she cannot see how any one could have got into my room during my sleep, as the doors were all room during my sleep, as the doors were all lcked. Yet, as she very naturally observes, some one must have entered there between the time of the room the time of my retiring and her entrance in the morning, for she was in my bed room herself just before I returned from She was trembling violently and her words were fast becoming incoherent. I calmed her and asked her to relate her story just as it happened, and after a few minutes of silent struggle she succeeded in

"And you believed her?" I suggested. "Implicitly." "In what direction, then, do your sus



"A man on the sidewalk put this into my hand."

"Alas! In no direction. There is the trouble. I don't know whom to mistrust. It was because I was told that you had the credit of seizing a clew where others failed to find any that I have sought your aid in this emergency. For the uncertainty surrounding this matter is killing me and will make my sorrow quite unendurable if I cranot obtain relief from it."

I had already noted two or three points in connection with it, to which I now pro-ceeded to direct her attention. "Have you compared this notice." I pur-

sued, "with such others as you find every day in the papers?"
"No," was her eager answer. "It is not like all..." like all-"Read," was my quiet interruption. " 'Or

"Read," was my quiet interruption. "On this day at the Colonnade.' On what day? The date is usually given in all the bona fide notices I have seen. "Is it?" she asked, her eyes moist with unshed tears, opening widely in her aston

"Look in the papers on your return home and see. Then the print, Observe that the type is identical on both sides, while, in fact, there is always a perceptible differ ence between that used in the obituary col-umn and that to be found in the columns devoted to other matter. Notice also," I continued, holding up the scrap of paper between her and the light, "that the alignment on one side is not exactly parallel with that on the other; a discrepancy which would not exist if both sides had been printed on a newspaper press. These facts lead me to conclude, first, that the effort to match the type exactly was an oversight on the part of the unknown, and, secondly, that one of the sides, at least, presumably that centaining the obituary notice, was printed on a hand press, on the blank side of a piece of galley proof picked

up in some newspaper office."
"Let me see." And stretching out her hand with the utmost eagerness, she took the slip and turned it over. Instantly change took place in her countenance. She



He Cried, Peremptorily: "Present me to your husband!"

sank back in her seat and a blush of man sank back in her seat and a blush of manifest confusion suffused her cheeks. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "what will you think of me? I brought this scrap of print into the house myself and pinned it on the cushion, too. I remember it now. The sight of those words recalls the whole occurrence." "Then there is one mystery less for us band's death upon it, but the time of my bringing it in was Tuesday night, and he was not found dead till Wednesday morn-

PART II. "A discrepancy worth noting," I remark-

"Involving a mystery of some importance," she concluded. I agreed to that.

"And since we have discovered how the slip came into your room, we can now proceed to the clearing up of this mystery." I now observed. "You can, of course, inform me where you procured this slip which you say you brought into the

"Yes. You may think it strange, but when I alighted from the carriage that night a man on the sidewalk put this tiny scrap of paper into my hand. It was developed in the constituted the pleasure of my life for so many years. First, I visited the Colonnade in Philadelscrap of paper into my hand. It was done so mechanically that it made no more im-pression on my mind than the thrusting of "I brought this scrap of print into the house myself."

The had not been used since that time I had some hopes of coming upon a cite.

The house myself."

The house myself."

The house myself."

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you understand such forgetfulness concerning a matter of such importance?"

"Yes," I allowed, after a momentary consideration of her ingenuous countenance. "The words you read in the morning were so startling that they disconnected themselves from those which you had carelessly glanced at the night before." "That is it," she replied: "and since then I have had eyes but for only the one side. How could I think of the other? But who printed this thing and who put it into my hand? He looked like a beggar, but—Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, her cheeks flushing scarlet and her eyes flashing with a feverish, almost alarming glitter. "What is it now," I asked; "another

"Yes." She spoke so low I could hardly lear her. "He coughed and—"
"And what?" I encouragingly suggested. seeing that she was under some new and verwhelming emotion.

lation. He would stoop to much, but not to that, yet-" The flush on her cheeks had died out, but the two vivid spots which remained showed the depth of her excitement.
"Do you think," she suddenly asked, "that a man out of revenge might plan to frighten me by a faise notice of my husbard's death, and that God to pun-ish him made the notice a prophecy?"

answered, purposely ignoring the latter part of her question. "But I always considered him a good man. At least, I never thought him wick-ed But that is a foolish waste of time. Every other beggar we meet has a cough; and yet," she added, after a moment's and yet," she added, after a moment's pause, "if it was not he who gave me this shock, who was it? He is the only person in the world I ever wronged."

"Can you not tell me his name?" I sug-"I am in too great doubt. I should hate

enough from my thoughts: but now that remembered shape in the stooping figure of this beggar. Oh, I hope the good God will forgive me if I attribute to this disappointed man a wickedness he never com-mitted."

"Who is John Graham?" I urged, "and what was the nature of the wrong you did

and, seeing that I meant to have her story, turred toward the fire and stood warming her feet before the hearth in such a way

as to hide her face from my gaze.
"I was once engaged to marry him," she
began. "Not because I loved him, but because we were very poor-I mean my mother and myself-and he had a home and seemed good and generous. The day came when we were to be married—this was in the west, way out in Kansas—and I was even dressed for the wedding, when a letter came from my uncle here, a rich uncie, very rich, who had never had any-thing to do with my mother since her marriage, and in it he promised me fortune and everything else desirable in life if I would come to him unincumbered by foolish ties. Think of it! And I within half an hour of marriage with a man I had never loved, and now suddenly hated. The temptation was overwhelming, and, heartless as I may seem, I succumbed to it. Telling my lover that I had changed my mind, I dismissed the minister when he came, and announced my intention of proceeding east as soon as possible with my poor, sick mother. Mr. Graham was struck dumb, and during the few days which intervened before my de-parture I was haunted by his face, which was like that of a man who had died from was like that of a man who had died from some overwhelming shock. But when I was ence free of the town, especially after I arrived in New York, I forgot him. Everything around me was so beautiful. Life was so full of action, and my uncle so delighted with me and everything I did. Then there was James Holmes, and when I saw him—but I cannot talk of that. We loved each other, and under the surprise of this each other, and under the surprise of this.

"You had better not many the same place on my thumb as the one I had noticed on the hand of the deceased Mr. Holmes.

There was a fire in the room, and before proceeding further I cauterized that prick with the end of a red-hot poker. Then I made my adjeux to Mrs. Holmes, and went immediately to a chemist friend of mine.

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

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"Test the end of this bit of steel for me,"

"Test the end of this bit of steel for me," "I do not wonder," I began, struck by the note of truth in her tones. "And I shall certainly do what I can for you. But before we go any further, let us examine this fore we go any further, let us examine this that remote world of poverty and paltry that remote world of poverty and paltry levices in which I had spent my youth? devices in which I had spent my youth?



She Did Not Dare to Finish.

But he did not forget, and blamed me that I did. He followed me to New York, and on the morning I was married found his he had calculated upon causing, but, re-membering at whose side I stood, I man-aged to hide my confusion under an aspect of haughtiness. This irritated John Graham. Flushing with anger, and ignoring my imploring look, he cried, peremptorily: 'Present me to your husband!' and I presented him. But his name roused no corresponding anger in my husband. I had rever told him of my early experience with this man, and John Graham, perceiving this, cast me a glance of heart-piercing dis dain and passed on, muttering between his teeth: 'False to me and false to him! Your punishment will be upon you!' And I felt as if I had been cursed." stopped here, moved by emotions readily to be understood. Then, with quick mpetuosity, she caught the thread of her story and went on.

PART III. "That was six months ago; and again I forgot. My mother died and my husband soon absorbed my every thought. How could I dream that this man who was little more than a memory to me, and scarcely that, was secretly planning mischief against me? Yet this paper scrap about which we have talked so much may have been the work of his hands; and even my husband's death-" She did not dare to finish, but her face,

which was turned toward me, spoke volumes. "Your husband's death shall be inquired into," I assured her. And she, exhausted

by the excitement of her discoveries, asked that she might be excused from discussing the subject any further at present. As I had no wish to enter into this mat-ter any more fully at that time, I readily acceded to her request, and the pretty

acceded to her request, and the pretty widow left me.

Obviously the first fact to be settled was whether Mr. Holmes had died from purely natural causes. I accordingly busied myself the next few days with this question, and was fortunate enough to interest the preper authorities sufficiently for them to order the body exhumed and examined. The result was not what I expected. No The result was not what I expected. No traces of poison were to be found in the stomach, nor was there any mark of vio-lence to be seen upon the body, nor the ap-pearance of any wound with the exception of a minute prick upon one of his thumbs, a speck so small that only I was fortunate

enough to detect it.

He was again interred, the authorities assuring the widow that the doctor's certificate given her in Philadelphia was correct. But I was not satisfied, neither, do I think, was she. I was confident that his

enough to detect it.

"It was the recipe, then, and not the obituary notice, which attracted your attention the night before?"

"Probably, but in pinning it to the cushlon it was the obituary notice that chanced to come up foremost. Oh, why didn't I remember all this before? Can had sent her husband anything but letters while he was away, and, upon her replying "No," requested to know if in her visit to Philadelphia she had seen anything in her husband's room which was new to her. "For he received a package while there," I explained, "and, though its contents may have been perfectly harmless, it would be well for us to be assured of this, in presence of the fearful doubts we both secretly entertain in regard to his death." entertain in regard to his death."

"Oh, you are certain, then—"
"No," said I. "I am far from certain.
Indeed, we have no proof at all of his having suffered violence in any way. On the contrary, we are assured that he died from natural causes. But the incident of the newspaper slip outweighs the doctor's conclusions, in my mird, and until the mystery surrounding it has been satisfactorily ex-plained, by its author. I shall hold to the theory that your husband has been made away with in some strange and seemingly unaccountable way, which we are bound to find out."

"You are right! You are right! Oh, John She was so carried away by this plain expression of my belief that she forgot the question I had put to her.

"You have not told whether or not you found anything among your husband's effects that can explain this mystery," I suggested. That cough had a familiar sound, now hat I think of it. It was like that of a friend who-but no, no, that is mere specu-

She at once became attentive.
"Notning," said she. "His trunks were already packed and his bag nearly so.
There were a few things lying about the room which were put into the latter, but I

saw nothing but what was familiar among them; at least, I think not; perhaps we had better look through his trunk and see. I have not had the heart to open it since came back." As this was exactly what I wished, I said as much, and she led me into a small

rcom, against the wall of which stood a trunk with a traveling bag on top of it. Opening the latter, she spread the contents

out on the trunk.
"I know all these things," she sadly murmured, the tears welling in her eyes.
"This?" I inquired, lifting up a bit of colled wire with two or three little rings

dangling from it.
"No; why, what is that?"
"It looks like a puzzle of some kind."
"Then it is of no consequence. My husband was forever amusing himself over some such contrivance. All his friends knew it, and used to send him every new one they came across. This one evidently reached him in Philadelphia."

Meanwhile I was eyeing the bit of wire curiously. It was undoubtedly a puzzle, but it had appendages to it that I did not inderstand.

"It is more than ordinarily complicated," observed, moving the rings up and down in a vain endeavor to work them off.
"The better he would like it," she said. I kept on working with the rings. Suddenly I gave a violent start. A little prong in the handle of the toy had started out

and pricked me. 'You had better not handle it," said I and laid it down. But the next minute I took it up again and put it in my pocket. The prick made by this treacherous bit of



He took the toy, promised to subject it to every test possible and let me know the result. Then I went home. I felt ill, or imagined that I did, which, under the cir-cumstances, was almost as bad.

Next day, however, I was quite well, with the exception of a certain inconvenience in my thumb. But not till the fol-lowing week did I receive the chemist's report. It overthrew my whole theory. He had found nothing, and returned me the

But I was not convinced.
"I will hunt up this John Graham,"
thought I, "and study him."

PART IV.

But this was not so easy a task as it may appear. As Mrs. Holmes possessed no clue to the whereabouts of her quondam lever, I had nothing to go upon in my search for him, save her rather vague description of his personal appearance and the fact that he was constantly interrupted in speaking by a low, choking cough. However, my natural perseverance carried me through. way into the house, and, mixing with the wedding guests, suddenly appeared before me just as I was receiving the congratulations of my friends. I felt all the terror sented a figure of such vivid unrest and showed such desperate hatred of his fellows, that I began to entertain hopes of his being the person I was in search of. But, determined to be correct upon this point before proceeding further, I confided my suspicions to Mrs. Holmes, and induced her to accompany me down to a certain spot on the elevated from which I had more than once seen this man go by to his usual



He Did Not Even Look Up in Passing Us.

lounging place in Printing House Square. She showed great courage in Joing this, for she had such a dread of him that she was in a state of nervous excitement from the moment she left the house, feeling sure that she would attract his attention and thus risk a disagreeable encounter. But she might have spared herself these fears. He did not even look up in passing us, and it was mainly by his walk she recognized him. But she did recognize him; and this nerved me at once to set about the formidable task of fixing upon the first and the formidable task of fixing upon lable task of fixing upon him a crime which was not even admitted as a fact by

the authorities.

He was a poor man about town, living, to all appearances, by his wits. He was to be seen mostly in the down-town portions of the city, standing for hours in from newspaper office, gnawing at his finer ends, and staring at the passersby with a hungry look that alarmed the timid and provoked alms from the benevolent. Needless to say that he rejected the latter expression of sympathy with angry contempt.
His face was long and pallid, his checkthink, was she. I was confident that his death was not a natural one, and entered upon one of those secret and prolonged investigations which have constituted the pleasure of my life for so many years. First, I visited the Colonnade in Philadelphia, and being allowed to see the room in which Mr. Holmes died, went through it carefully. As it had not been used since that time I had some hopes of coming upon a clue.

But it was a vain beau and pallid, his checkbones high and his mouth bitter and resolute in expression. He wore neither beard nor mustache, but made up for their lack by an abundance of light brown hair, which hung very nearly to his shoulders. He stooped in standing, but as soon as he moved showed decision and a certain sort of pride which caused him to hold his head high and his body more than usually erect. With all the good points his appearance was decidedly sinistent. was decidedly sinister, and I did not won-der that Mrs. Holmes feared him. My next move was to accost him. Paus-

assurance I received that the gentleman had spent the entire evening preceding his death in his own room alone. He had received several letters and one small package while at the hotel, the latter coming the hotel which his own thoughts had upon as well as well

him. He coughed while speaking, and his eye, which for a moment rested on mine. produced upon me an impression for which I was nardly prepared, great as my prejudice against him. There was such an icy composure in it; the composure of an enenomed nature conscious of its superior ity to all surprise. As I lingured to study him more closely, the many dangerous qualties of the man became more and more apparent to me, and convinced me that to proceed further without deep and careful thought would be to court failure where triumph would set me up for life. I gave up all present attempt at enlisting him in conversation, and went my way in as in-quiring and serious a mood as I had ever

quiring and serious a mood as I had ever been thrown into by any encounter I had ever had with a suspected criminal.

In fact, my position was a peculiar one, and the problem I had set for myself was one of unusual difficulty. Only by means of some extraordinary device, such as is seldom resorted to by the police of this or any other nation, could I hope to arrive at the secret of this man's conduct and at the secret of this man's conduct, and triumph in a matter closed to all appearances from any human penetration.

But what device? I knew of none, nor did two days and rights of strenuous

thought serve to yield me the least light on the subject. Indeed my mind seemed to grow more and more confused the lorger I urged it into action. I failed to get inspiration indoors or out, and, feeling my health suffer from the constant irritation of my recurring disappointment, I re-solved to take a day off and carry myself and my perplexities into the country. I did so. Governed by an impulse which did not then understand I went to a



It Sent Him Staggering Backward.

small town in New Jersey and entered the first house on which I saw the sign of "Room to Let." The result was the most fortunate. No sooner had I crossed the threshold of the neat and homely apartment through the same threshold of the neat and homely apartment. ment thrown open to my use than it re-called a room in which I had slept two years before and in which I had read a little book I was only too glad to remem-ber at this instant. Indeed, it seemed like an inspiration to do so, for, though it was a simple child's story written for moral purposes, it contained an idea which prom-ised to be invaluable to me at this juncture. Indeed, I believed myself in this one moment of memory to have solved the problem that was puzzling me, and, relieved beyond expression, I paid for the night's lodging I had now determined to forego, and returned immediately to New York, having spent just fifteen minutes in the town where I had received this happy inspiration.

My first step on entering the city was

My first step on entering the city was to order a dozen steel coils made similar to the one which I still believed answerable for James Holmes' death. My next to learn as far as possible all of John Graham's haunts and habits. At a week's end I had the springs and knew almost as well as he did himself where he was likely to be found at all times of the day and night. I immediately acted upon this and night. I immediately acted upon this knowledge. Assuming a slight disguise I rejeated my former stroll through Printing House Square, looking into each doorway as I passed. John Graham was in one of them, staring in his old way at the passing

"Pardon me, but did I not see something

drop out of your hand?"

He started, glanced at the seeming inoffensive toy at which I pointed and altered so suddenly and vividly that it became instantly apparent that the surprise I had planned for him was fully as keen and searching a one as I had anticipated. Recolling sharply, he gave me a quick look then glanced down at his feet as if half expecting to find the object vanished which had startled him. But, perceiving it still lying there, he crushed it viciously with his heel, and, uttering some incoherent words, dashed impetuously from the building. Confident that he would regret this hasty impulse and return, I withdrew a few steps and waited. And, sure enough, in less than five minutes he came slinking back. Picking up the coll with more than one sly look, he examined it closely. Suddenly he gave a sharp cry and went staggering out. Had he discovered that the seeming puzzle possessed the same invisible spring which had made the one handled by John Holmes

so dangerous? Certain as to the place he would be found in next. I made a short cut to an obscurlittle saloon in Nassau street, where I took up my stand in a spot convenient for seeing without being seen. In ten minutes he was standing at the bar asking for a drink.
"Whisky!" he cried; "straight."

It was given him, but as he set the empty glass down on the counter he saw ly-

ing before him another of the steel springs, and was so confounded by the sight that the proprietor, who had put it there at my instigation, thrust out his hand toward him as if half afraid he would fall. "Where did that—that thing come from?" stammered John Graham, ignoring the other's gesture, and pointing with a trembling hand at the seemingly insignificant bit of wire between them.

"Didn't it drop from your coat pocket?" inquired the proprietor. "It wasn't lying there before you came in." With a horr!ble oath the unhappy man turned and fled from the place. I lost sight of him after that for three hours, then I suddenly came upon him. He was walking up and down with a set purpose in his face that made him look more dangerous than

Of course I followed him, expecting him to turn toward 59th street, but at the corner of Madison avenue and 47th street he changed his mind and dashed toward 3d avenue. At Park avenue he faltered and again turned north, walking for several blocks as if the fiends were behind him. I began to think that he was but attempting to walk off his excitement, when at a sud-den rushing sound in the cut beside us he den rushing sound in the cut of side is he stopped and trembled. An express train was shooting by. As it disappeared in the tunnel beyond he looked about him with a blanched face and wandering eye; but his glance did not fall my way, or, if it did, he failed to attach any meaning to my near presence.

He began to move on again, and this time toward the bridge spanning the cut. I followed him very closely. In the center of it he paused and looked down at the track beneath him. Another train was approaching. As it came near he trembled



Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

ror I could not understand till I saw the smoke had take the form of a spiral and was saling away before him in what to his disordered imagination must have looked like a gigantic coll.

It may have been chance and it may

have been Providence; but whichever it was, it saved him. He could not face that semblance of his haunting thought; and, turning away, he cowered down on the neighboring curbstone, where he sat for several minutes with his head fallen into

at the same restaurant. It was 7, however, before he put in an appearance, and by this time he was looking more composed. There was a reckless air about him, however, which was perhaps only noticeable to me; for none of the habitues of this place was entirely without it, and of all the spots in which I could have seen him his appearance here was least likely to attract attention, wild eyes and unkempt hair being in the majority.

I let him eat. The dinner he ordered was simple and I had not the heart to interrupt his enjoyment of it.

But when he had finished, and came to now then I allowed the shock to come. at the same restaurant. It was 7, however, with which you savored your revenge before he put in an appearance, and by against the woman who had disappointed

pay, then I allowed the shock to come. Under the bill which the waiter laid at the side of his plate was the inevitable steel coil; and it produced even more than its usual effect. I own I felt sorry for him. He did not dash from the place, how-ever, as he had from the liquor saloon. A spirit of resistance had seized him, and he demanded to know where this object of his fear had come from. No one could tell him (or would). Whereupon he began to rave and would certainly have done himself or somebody else an injury if he had not been calmed by a man almost as wild looking as himself. Paying his bill, but vowing he would never enter the place again, he went out, clay white, and with the swaggering air of a man who has just

asserted himself.

He drooped, though, as soon as he reached the street, and I had no difficulty in following him to a certain gambling den, where he gained \$3 and lost \$5. From there he went to his lodgings in West loth street.

But late the next day I returned there and rang the bell. It was already dusk, but it was light enough for me to notice the unrepaired condition of the iron rail-ings on either side of the old stone stoop, and to compare his abode of decayed grandeur with the spacious and elegant apartment in which pretty Mrs. Holmes mourned the loss of her young husband. Had any such comparison ever been made by the unhappy John Graham, as he hurried up these decayed the state of the district the district the district the state of th ried up those decayed steps into the dismal halls beyond? I did not doubt it. In answer to my summons there came

to the door a young woman, to whom I had but to intimate my wish to see Mr. Graham for her to let me in with the short "Top floor, back room! Door open, he's

out; door shut, he's in."

As an open door meant liberty to enter
I lost no time in following the direction of her pointing finger, and presently found myself in a low attle chamber overlooking an acre of roofs. A fire had been lighted in the open grate, and the flickering red beams dancel on ceiling and walls with a cheeriness greatly in contrast to the na-ture of the business on which I was bent. As they also served to light the room I proceeded to make myself at home, and, drawing up a chair, sat down at the fireplace in such a way as to conceal myself from any one entering the door.
In less than half ar your he car

He was in a state of high emotion. His face was flushed and his eyes burning. Stepping rapidly forward he flung his hat down on the table in the middle



It Was Another of the Steel Coils.

half groan. Then he stood silent and I had an opportunity of noting how haggard he had grown in the short time since I had seen him last. But the interval of his seen him last. But the interval of his inaction was short, and in a moment he flung up his arms with a loud "curse her!" that rang through the narrow room and betrayed the source of his present frenzy. Then he again stood still, grating his teeth and working his hands in a way terribly suggestive of the murderer's instinct. But not for long. He saw something that atnot for long. He saw something that attracted his attention on the table, a something upon which my eyes had long before been fixed, and, starting forward with a fresh and quite different display of emotion, he caught up what looked like a roll of manuscript and began to tear it open.

"Back again! Always back!" he walled from his lips, and he gave the roll a toss that sent from its mids! a gmall object. that sent from its midst a small object waich he no sooner saw than he became speechless and reeled back. It was an-

speechless and recied back. It was another of the steel coils.

"Good God!" fell at last from his stiff and working lips. "Am I mad or has the devil joined in the pursuit against me? I cannot eat, I cannot drink, but this diabolical spring starts up before me. It is here, there, everywhere. The visible sign of my guilt; the—the. He had stumbled back upon my chair and, turning,

saw me. I was on my feet at once, and, seeing that he was dazed by the shock of my presence, I slid quietly between him and the door.
The movement aroused him. Turning upon me with a sarcastic smile, in which

concentrated the bitterness of years. he briefly said: "So, I am caught! Well, there has to b so, I am caught: Wen, there has to be an end to men as well as to things, and I am ready for mine. She turned me away from her door today, and after the hell of that moment I don't much fear any other."

"You had better not talk," I admonished him. "All that falls from you now will only tell against you at your trial."

He broke into a harsh laugh. "And do you think I care for that? That having you think I care for that? That having been driven by a woman's perfidy into crime, I am going to bridle my tongue and keep back the words which are the only safeguard from insanity? No, no; while my miserable breath lasts I will curse her, and if the halter is to cut short my words, it shall be with her name blistering my

I attempted to speak, but he would not give me the opportunity. The passion of weeks had found vent and he rushed on

"I went to her house today. I wanted to see her in her widow's weeds; I wanted to see her eyes red with weeping over a grief which owed its bitterness to me. But she would not great me as admittance the would not grant me an admittance. She had me thrust from her door, and I shall never know how deeply the iron has sunk into her soul. But—" and here his face showed a sudden change—"shall I not see her if I am tried for murder? Will she not be in the court room, and shall I not have the opportunity of meeting her eye to eye?" "Doubtless," I began; but his interruption came quickly and with vehement passion.

"Taen here I am. Welcome trial, conviction, death, even. To see her once more is all I desire. She shall never forget, never."

"Then you do not deny," I began.

"I deny nothing," he returned, and held

"Have you anything more to say or do sefore you leave these rooms?" I asked. He shook his head, and then, bethinking himself, pointed to the roll of paper which

he had flung on the table. "Burn that!" he cried. I took up the roll and looked at it; it was

the manuscript of a poem in blank verse.

"I have been with it into a dozen newspaper and magazine offices," he explained, with great bitterness. "Had I succeeded in matter. neighboring curbstone, where he sat for several minutes with his head fallen into his hands; when he rose again he was his own daring and sinister self.

PART V.

Knowing that he was now too much master of his faculties to ignore me any longer, I walked quickly away and left him. I knew where he would be at 6 o'clock, and had already engaged a table of clock, and had already engaged a table at the same restaurant. It was 7, however, with which you savored your revenge

my man."

The satisfaction, the delight which he threw into these words are beyond description. As they left his lips a jet of flame from the neglected fire shot up and turned his figure for one instant into bold relief upon the lowering ceiling; then it died out, and nothing but the trailight place for and rothing but the twilight gloom re-maired in the room and on the countenance of this doomed and despairing man.

TREED BY A BIG MOOSE.

A Maine Boy Will in Future be More Cautious About Stoning Stray Co vs. From the Boston Globe,

"Jack" Clark is a stout boy of fourteen years, living at Sherman, Me. He goes out after the cows every night and drives them home to the tie-up, always in the greatest safety, but the other night he had an adventure which has led to the substitution of his older brother in the gathering of the kine o' nights.

Last Saturday night Jack went down after the cattle. The animals were in the pasture, and it was dark almost before he got to them. He started them home with some speed, but one lagged in the shadows

under the trees.

Jack threw a stone at the supposed cow, and got a very large surprise in return for it. He heard the stone strike the animal with a hollow thump on its ribs, and expected to see the cow come out from under the trees on a swinging run. Instead, a big moose bounded out in the opening and made for the youngster. for the youngster.

Jack sized up the animal at first sight.

Boys and girls, when they get big enough to walk the streets of Sherman in boots and stockings know wild animals when they see them. So Jack knew the meose, He made for the nearest tree and scopted up it with small delay.
The moose was close at the boy's heels when he climbed into the lower branches, and snorted around the foot of the trunk in a way that made the boy shiver and

grab the limbs closer. After about an hour the big brute went off in rod-long jumps. Jack came down, ran for home and told the story.

From the Cornbill Magazine. When I met Tommy first his only asset was in serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes. I could not help Tommy with his money, but I tried to with advice. "Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred collars," I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mont., at that period, and ran a small savings bank. Tolling Crus-old Sam Ashby." All he got, however, was some pretty free talk, in which the was some pretty free talk, in which the small savings bank. Tommy Cruse "tried banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw paper money into the home of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow. Tommy Cruse got his money, however. Three weeks later he located the great Drum Lummond gold mine. He knew he had a big thing, but somehow he could make nobody believe in his mine. For years he

dog's life.

Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious; he had not eaten a mouthful of food for thirty-six eaten a mouthful of food for thirty-six hours, and yet with dogged persistency had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came, he opened up a big veln, and had a million dollars to his credit in a good, safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pose as a "solid citizen," so he opened a savings bank in Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, but ker, for a small loan was the one-time banker, old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector perous. Then came to the old prospector the happlest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would-be customer to the door, assured that customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw paper money into the home of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shaftless fellow as Sam

worked at it, however, living at times a

Ashby.
One day Tommy Cruse invited the whole of Montana to his wedding, and the whole of Montana came. Tonamy had arranged for open house and free drinks with every salcon in Helena. Consequently the night Tommy got married the whole male population got drunk, and it took a week to sober the population into working condi-

Statesmen and Politicians.

From the Chicago Post. "What we need," he said oracularly, "Is fewer politicians and more statesmen. She looked at him admiringly, as if wondering how one man could know so much.

"What's the difference between a statesman and a politician, Edward?" she asked at last.

"The difference?" he exclaimed. "Yes," she replied quietly. "Oh, yes, of course-the difference," he said in an easy, offhand way. "The difference is-ah-ah-. Why, you ought to

"But I'm afraid I don't," she returned.
"You know, I'm only a woman."
"Of course, of course."
"My Idea," she went on, hesitatingly,
"would be that a statesman was the one who didn't talk politics on the street or at

inappropriate times and places and didn't try to make a forborn of himself every time a political subject happened to come under discussion, while a politician—"
"I—I think you're right," he interrupted, and somehow he couldn't help wondering all the rest of the day whether she had been taking a long range shot at him.



The Smaller of the Two-"What! You Sch me? You wouldn't be in it! If I wuz caly ter strike yer wunst, yer'd have ter cough drops for de rest of yer life!"-Life